An Epitaph, or rather a short discourse made vpon the life & death of D. Bovers sometimes vnworthy Bishop of London, whiche dyed the v. of September in the Marshalsie.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

¶ An Epitaph, vpon the life and death of D. Bonner, who died the 5. of September. 1569.

Quam cito de viuis extirpabuntur iniqui?
Fidentum domino pars bona fortis erit:
Per breue tẽpus adhuc et non erit impi⁹ vltra
Quæretur, nec erit quo fuit ante loco.

HOw soon are wicked men cut of,
from suche as liue in fame?
Yet is the Lord the portion good,
of those that loue his name.
¶ A little while as yet therfore,
and there shall not remain:
One wicked man hence forth to be,
of all the wicked train.
¶ The wicked man shall then be sought,
but he shall not finde grace:
There to be found where he before,
was knowne to haue a place.
¶ And therfore ioy all Englishe hartes
that fear the Lord aright
And haue the loue of native land,
alwayes before your sight.
Lift vp your hartes, reioyce in him,
for worke of his owne hand:
For I of happy tidings mean,
to let you vnderstand.
¶ Which shall cheerful withe sure to all,
of faithful Englishe blood:

Whose hart? did neuer hate the truthe,
nor Gospel yet with blood.
¶ A man there was a quondam great
of might, of pomp and praise:
Of Englishe blood though Englishe loue,
were small in all his wayes.
¶ As did appéer by Romishe act?,
procéding from his highe:
Which prou'de him not an Englishman
but sure a Romain right.
¶ For neuer faithful Englishe hart,
was foe to natiue soil:
Yet hée in natiue land did séek,
Christ? faithful flock to spoil.
¶ And also then he wrought muche wo,
to Englands chéefest stayes:
Ye spilt their blood, and mockt Gods word
wherby his gaue him praise.
¶ Seducing men from sacred truthe,
to walke in Romishe trade:
Wherby this land was ransackt so,
so spoild and so bare made.
¶ That many yet do féel the smart,
of that vnhappy time:
Though God haue cléered now these part?
from suche moste vgly crime.
¶ Wherwith this land infected was,
by Balams brood throughout:
Who sought a mischéef huge and great,
as then to bring about.

And

¶ And more then so, t'encreace by blood
the great and pining lack:
Of pastors pure and pitters strong,
whiche then were brought to wrack.
¶ Without remorse his mates and he,
ful sore did them torment:
By seeking of their death and losse,
whiche lou'd Christ testament.
¶ And more then so, of worthy wight
of whom here stare wee:
Whiche left their welth, their ease & life,
that Christe might gayned bee.
¶ And yet not so, this * Cyrus left
muche humain blod to spil:
And so ceace his devouring rage,
and mosse blasphemous wil.
¶ But more and more he sought outrage,
(as all his mates were bent)
By lies and tales and popishe toyes,
Gods gospel to preuent.
¶ As one in place by Sathan sent,
Gods instrument of ire.
To daunt the pride of England then,
(whiche did it muche require)
And so no dout this (a) Boner did,
he spared no degree:
Ne wise, ne graue, ne riche, ne por,
he pitied no man hee.
¶ Ne lame, ne blinde, suche was his thirst
ne fooles, ne wise in naue:

* Cir' was sonne of Cambises & king of ye Medes & Persians, who warring against the Scithians. Tomiris the Queen hauing by pollicy slain Cirus with 200000 Persians did cut off his head & cast it into a bole of mans blood saying. Be satisfied with blood which thou hast thirsted

(a) He spared none he eyther durst or could be bolde to put to pain for Gods

Yea truthe,

Yea * nobles blood as tirant fierce,
he sought to bring to flame.
¶ When pastors roum & Bishops place,
of London See he had:
As beautie then of all his dayes,
(a Wolf in Lamb skinne clad)
¶ His rage defilde the seat with crime,
that nations far could say:
A drunken man doth take in hand,
to guide the ship her way.
Not drunk w̄ wine tho iudgement might,
declare he lou'd it more:
Then Christes pasture shéep wherby,
he should haue set great store.
¶ But blody drunk sith hée not one,
did spare of Christes shéep:
Which he did desire their conscience pure,
by Gospel for to kéep.
Yet he did watche, though as a Wolf,
Christ' lambs for to deuoure:
Ye watched not to féed their soules,
nor yet to preache one houre.
For sure though he had Bishops rown,
Paul saith he was vnfit. 1. Tim. 3.
In suche a place of Christes flock,
at any time to sit.
Whose iudgement was so small & weak,
in Christes testament:
And learning lesse to teache the flock,
with that so slowe intent.

Should

¶ Whose [illegible] of grace deuils,
now for to haue a praise?
Whose retcheles rage and swinishe life,
shall line in all mens dayes.
¶ His knoweledge was to base no dout,
to sit in Bishops seat:
Though he perhaps in Popes decrées,
through trauail might be great.
¶ And Ciuile law right prompt he knew,
though all for priuate gain:
And Cannons to, for therin was
his onely studeous pain.
¶ And all but to vpholde the pride,
of Rome whiche was to il:
Or els to finde away how he,
Gods children blod might spil.
¶ But who can bosse in Gods decrées,
of Bonners knoweledge now?
In Scriptures force his answers shewd
him learned as a Cow.
Or as an Asse whiche iudgement lacks,
in sence of holy writ:
Though he obtaind a bitter space,
in Bishops seat to sit.
¶ Sus taught Mineruam there to long,
whiche held vsurped place:
Til Christe by force of Gospel truthe,
this (,) Bufo did displace.
* ¶ And tok the Asse from his repast,
of playing on the harp:
Whose

(b) Sus Minerua. the sow teacheth Miner. what ye sow is by nature needeth no expressing. Minerua was daugh. of Iupiter & called of the Poets Goddes of wisdome & all good artes, now this is [illegible] in a [illegible] nerd [illegible] one [illegible] ned [illegible] him of whō he might better be taught.

(,) Bufo is a Tode so apted to Boner because of his venemous minde.

* Asinus

made neither flat nor sharp.
¶ But spite the sound so long a time,
when mischeef reignd at will:
Til * Pallas came, who took the Asse
down from (.) Parnassus hil,
And tied him up at maunger yet,
whiche once did there remain:
Though there he felt not his desert,
nor halfe deserued pain,
¶ To lodge on bowes as he had made,
some other lodge before:
With hands and feet, to starue in stocks,
with giues to be ful sore.
¶ No, no, in stall, his torment were
none suche, nor halfe so vile:
He prisner hath been sure, but yet
not tasted all this while.
Of prisoners hath, of hangers bit,
in dungeon deepe growne:
Vache of captyues ful ful oft,
to many made his mone.
Not sure for pain which he did feel
but for the greatest greef:
That he would not be fed as yet,
(in slaughter who was chef)
With blod of Saints and christian flesh,
wherwith his lust was fed:
That he could not exalt the Pope,
til heer as supreme hed.

That

* Pallas the greek name of Minerua named before.

(.) Parnassus is a mount in Thessalia or Aoniæ a hil, the Poetes call Parnassides or Aonides did remain

That he could not his holy Lambes,
and leaden Bulles bestowe:
His Pardons and his obsequies,
mens soules to ouerthrowe.
¶ That truthe had ouerthrowen wᵗ power
his brutishe vile intent:
Which he thought by fire & fagots force,
Gods Gospel to preuent.
¶ This wrought his onely grief and wo,
as wel it did appeer:
For other cause sure there was none,
that euer I could heare.
¶ He lay ful soft and had inough
of Beer, and chaunge of wine:
Bothe flesche and fishe, bothe fruits & foul,
moste delicate and fine.
His table neuer wanted sutes,
at wil it to maintain:
He lacked neuer catours he,
his ayds took alwayes pain.
To keep their God, their hope, their trust,
their staffe of Romishe stay:
Because with him they wisht a chaunge,
stil looking for a day.
¶ And not with him but wish the rest,
of all their hellishe rable:
Which are in their blinde errors stil,
moste hard and wilful stable.
¶ Who prisoners are as foes to Christe,
to Christian Queen and lande:

But

But check this quondam which made boste
if he might haue in hand.
This former poure and time again,
to blesse and curse at wil:
Where one he burnt, on thousands then
he would his lust fulfil.
This was his boste and bloody thirst,
wherin his ayds did trust:
That once again the Romishe whore,
might haue her filthy lust.
Although since he by due desert,
hath been in holde for sin:
Suche mercy hath been shew'd him there,
as he shew'd none I win.
To suche as were his betters far,
in knowledge, birth and fame:
Yea and in life Apostolique,
of muche more godly name.
For sure his manners were moste vile,
at all times plainly shew'd:
Why? wa'st not he that sought the tre,
of our increase t'haue hew'd?
Who shamelesly hath stand thus long,
at bayall mercyes grace:
Although his deeds and words ful oft,
did craue another place.
But what said those of Balams sect,
there is no law whereby:
The sword of Justice could him strike,
nor cause why he should die.

Although

Although when as the Dragon ruide,
right worthy wights were slain:
But * one when cannon law could not,
he was adiudged pain.
Without the Cannons councels he,
that (c) Pool might haue his place:
By Popes assent and Romishe rout,
whiche rord him to deface.
Yf Popes assent when Englishe lawes,
nor Cannons cuols prevail:
Might gillies make so wise a sage,
by fiery flames to quail.
Why might not Princes lawful power
haue made a iust decree:
That suche, deseruing open shame,
might recompensed be.
But onely that pure mercy did,
keep back that right did craue:
In recompensing him with death,
as all the rest might haue.
Yet he tryumpht as whole and sound,
his purpose whole to make:
Right many yet (if time would serue)
to bring vnto the stake.
And once again if fortune stood,
he might haue vp the Masse:
(But see how now the Lord of hostes
hath made his foe like grasse)
Who bragd and boasted in his greace,
to washe the tile anew:

* Tho. Cranmer. archbishe. of Cant. whō by their Cannons they could not put to death, til ỹ Pope straynting his Image at Room condemned it burnt it, & thē was he burned at Oxford.

(c) Cardinall Pool who could not be archbish. by the Canons til the other were dead.

And

And raisd an end to his deuise,
whiche yet he neuer knew.
And so the rest with chærful sound,
at eu'ry newes that came:
Sang as the Prouerb olde hath bẽn
Laudes ante victoriam.
Hith monst'rous corps with delicates,
so monst'rously was blowen:
Whose monst'rous minde wt poys'ning
in graue is ouerthrowen (words
But what did he repent of all
his bloddy sinful race?
And learn by Gods word to amend,
his life so boyd of grace?
Nay sure, til time of present death
he chaunged not his minde:
But as he liu'd a foe to Christe,
so dyed mosse wilful blinde.
Oh yet though he had liu'd so il,
Gods mercy is not bace:
To suche as think that Jhesus Christe,
can all their sinnes deface.
But as this () Erisichthon liu'd,
in spite and rage to spoil:
So in his end of mightie loue,
he tok a deadly foil.
Not that he died, but that in death
his helth he did denie:
For sure non mori turpe est,
sed turpiter mori.

O Eresich. was kig of Thessalia who despised Ceres & cut down her woods, at last beig stroken wt a mermaids finger was compeld to eat his owne flesh.

And

And yet though Eresichthons end,
hapt not vnto this foe:
To eat his flesshe sith Boners mates,
in fyre did fat him so.
Yet vilet end had he no dout,
Then Eresichthons was:
Because their times were far vnlike,
as it did come to passe.
The one a Christian was in name
the other Pagan prowd:
Yet in there acts of maners like,
as may bee wel avowd.
Hee, Ceres sought, this Iesus Christe,
and his to bring to wrack:
He did starue, this with grease died,
though grace from him went back.
Wherby all suche as blinded were,
by fau'ring of his act?
May see what iudgement is prepard,
to recompence their fact?.
And therfore houle all Balams seed,
and weep bothe moste and least:
Whiche bear the mark (in suche a ligh)
of that il fau'red beast.
But Englishe hart? whiche loue Gods
our Queen & Englishe land: (word)
Reioyce, sith hope of foes is spoild
by force of Gods right hand.
Sith filthy flesshe doth lie in graue,
though soule I fear be il:

which

)(Poliphemus or Cyclops was son of Neptune & Thoosa a great mōster having but one eye whiche was in his forehed, he was of the ile of Scicilia into whiche Vlisses being cast by rage of tempest, & happning on ꝯ cane of this Cyclops lost 4. of his men, who would haue deuoured ꝯ rest if Vlisses making him dronk had not with a fire brād bored out his eye.

* Philonides was great big

Whiche liu'd and died so stout a foe
to Chrisstes death and wil.
But what though bloody corps of his
be forse to lie full lowe:
His bloody facts and deeds mosse vile,
from hence shall no man knowe:
Shall treason so conspir'd: shall pride:
shall blasphemy lie dead:
No fame from earth to vpper skies,
his wickednes shall spread.
His brutishe tigrishe toil in time,
of his mosse high renown:
T'ertoll the power and pomp of him,
that weres the triple crown.
His rage and currishe cruel spite,
against his cuntrie men:
His butcherly deuice to wasse,
the flesshe of Chrisstians then.
His falsse surmise and murdring spite,
whiche shew'd him then to be:
A)(Poliphemus right, whiche slue,
in three yeres hundreds three.
Not of Vlisses souldiours sure,
but Chrisstians truly tride:
Whiche were deuoured while he had
the Kuther forto guide.
Shall now, Philonides lie dead:
shall Serpentinishe rage
No slepe: Nay sure his wickednes,
shall liue the worldes age.

His

His stoutnes shall remain now shewd,
in time of his conflict:
Who as a subiect did deny,
to haue his hart addict.
And as a foe to Christe (his word)
and to our gratious Queen:
Wisht with his mates mosse trat'rously
some others raign I ween.
Beside his Epicurishe life,
before and in this case:
Though corps be dead yet death cannot,
these honours quite deface:
He suffred was ful ten yéers space,
by fauour him to win:
(As Gospels nature is) yet he,
could neuer once begin.
For to repent (though fauour he,
deserued had but small:
At those, whiche now in his distresse,
did shew him mosse of all.)
But scoft and mocked those, as yet
whiche gladly would him teache:
But chéefly in his death, suche men
as Gospel soundly preache.
And therfore sith in life of his,
no vertue was to praise:
In welth ne wo no spark of grace,
whiche liu'd and spent his dayes.
So like a Cyclops in his den,
deseruing no good fame:

Sith

Miletæ
(now calle
Malta) al
together so
folishe, eve
learned & a
him greu a
Prouerb.
Indoctior
Philonid
Dome wil
say Boner
was wel le
ned, I gu
ant, yet
in knowe
ledge of h
ly scripture
Philoni.
notwithst
ding his
mile lati

breedeth a-
mõg Bees
muche like
a Bee, & al-
wayes liues
in the Hiue
neuer com-
ming out
to gather
Hony, but
Oil deuou-
reth that
which the
Bee dooth
gather. & at
last the Bee
dyeth all.

Sith God hath cut of suche a (:) Wrong
can we but prayse his name?
And eke beseeche th'almightie Ioue,
the number to fulfil:
In cutting of the rest with speed,
that bear the beast good will.
Who sure may shame at his vile race,
but more at his vile end:
And sore lament his fearful state,
whiche now did not amend.
Though all his life he had been bent,
yet now to stand so stout:
Denying Christe at his last breath,
Is fearful out of dout.
This may suffize as God hath lent,
me grace to rule my pen:
In blasing forth the deeds and fame,
(before all Christian men.)
Of Romanes greasy God, whose life
and death (so worthy shame:)
I haue display'd, and therfore now,
suche shalbe muche to blame.
Who hich carp at truthe and stomack this
that eury man can tel:
Through out this land and others to,
ere this, whiche knew it wel.
God saue our Queen Elizabeth,
and bring her foes to nil:
And root out those with speed from vs
whiche bear the Pope good will.
Amen. ¶ T. Knell. Iu.

23JY55
MUSEUM

A Commemoration or Dirige of Baſtarde Edmonde Boner, alias Sauage, vſurped Biſſhoppe of London.

Compiled by Lemeke Aſuale.

K

Epiſcopatum eius accipiet alter.

Anno Domini.
1569.

¶ Imprinted by P.O.

A. p. 535. Wh. 889

A Proclamation

for the Apprehension of Iohn Stubbe, and Henry Vnderwood.

Anno Domini.

1579.

Imprinted by I. C.

MAtters beyng yet in doubt, maie with questions and reasons, bee brought out of doubt: but thinges beyng without doubt, ought not with the subtelties of wordes, bee broughte into doubte. As without all doubte Edmonde Boner late vsurped bishop of London, was a bastarde, and also the soonne of a Bastarde: that is a Bastarde in grosse, and a Bastarde can not, neither maie not bee a bishop. Boner was a Bastarde, *ergo* no bishop, and this is a true conclusion. This is not true said an old *Dunsticall* felowe, sittyng at the table with a graue learned Lawier of the common Lawe, and an eloquente Ciuilian, that were all three together: the one frouned, the seconde did bite his lippe, the third in a greate rage saied: men maie saie what thei will now a daies, & belye the truthe as you haue doen, he was a blessed confessor, although a bastard, and a true bishop, bothe by Gods Lawes, the Canonicall lawes, & the lawes of this realme of Englande. To this thei saied all *Amen*. Proue you the cõtrary saied thei, and we will yelde vnto you: will you saie he, then will I proue hym no bishop, when he liued, whiche you graunt to bee bastarde by these three La-

wes. Wake proffe saied these three, I will by Gods grace quod he, proue that neither Tunstall, nor Boner, were any bishoppes of London, but vsurped, bicause thei twoo were bastardes: and all bastardes bee vnder thesame predicament. For the booke of Wisedome in the.iiij. Chapit. makyng a difference betwene twoo generations of the lawfull, and vnlawfull. Of the lawfull it is saied: *O quam pulcra, & casta generatio. &c.* O how faire is a chaste generation with vertue: the memoriall therof is immortall, for it is knowen with God, and with men: when it is presente, men take example thereat, and if it goe awaie, yet thei desire it: it is alwaies crouned, and holden in honor, and winneth the rewarde of the vndefiled battaill. But the other generation, that is vnknowen emong men, that are called the children of the people: thus muche is spoken of in thesame booke. *Multigena autem impiorũ multitudo non erit vtilis, & spuria vitulamina non dabunt radices altas, nec stabile fundamentum constituit.* That is. The multitude of the vngodly children, are vnprofitable children, and the thynges that are planted with whoredome, shall take no depe rote, nor laie any fast foundation, though grene for a tyme in the braunches, yet thei shalbe shaken with the winde,

for

for thei ſtande not faſt, and through the vehemencie of the windes, that is Gods vengance thei ſhalbe rooted out, for the vnperfite braũches ſhalbe broken, the fruicte ſhalbe vnprofitable and ſower, mete for nothyng. For why beyng demaunded of their parentes, that is, who were their fathers, or mothers, doe witneſſe againſt them, and declare their abhomination, and doe diſcloſe their ſynnes, as did that wicked Cham, the ſonne of Noe, whiche vncouered his fathers ſecretes, for whiche cauſe, Noe aſked vengeaunce vpon the offenders ſonne, that therby the offender might be more greued, then with his owne miſhappe. Therfore the lawe that puniſheth thoffẽders iſſue, dooeth more prohibite ſynne, then that whiche plageth the offender alone: by this it maie be cõſidered, with what zeale the law of Englande abhorreth vnlawfull coniunctions, depriuyng them not onely of lawfull parentes, but alſo of Eccleſiaſticall dignitie, and tẽporall inheritaunce. The Ciuill Lawe, ſpeakyng of the birth of children, ſaieth: *Quod non poteſt arbor mala fructus bonos facere. &c.* An euil tree, ſaie thei, can not bring forth good fruite: nor a good tree beare euill fruites, and by the conſente of the lawes it is agreed, that euery plante yeldeth to the nature of the grounde,

wherein it is planted. The childe also hath muche more certaine, and sure knowledge of the mother, then of the father. Therfore saith the Ciuill Lawe, your naturall or bastarde soonne, is the soonne of the people: and when suche a bastarde is, hauing no certain, or knowen assured father at the birthe, as it is daily seen, and so iudged by lawe. Yo we can he come by a father after: as example. If one woman should beare twoo childzen, of twoo fornicatours, and one of these fornicatours, after doe marie with this woman, whiche of these childzen should this mariage make legitimate? This would partly help Tunstall by the Ciuil lawe, bicause his father reconsiled his mother into mariage but lõg after his birth: this is not Boners case (whose father was neuer maried to his mother) fãtasy would somwhat perswade: but reason can not finde, seyng the tyme was ones, when bothe these childzen were bastardes, and the sonnes of the people, and did not knowe their fathers: it wer therfore against all reason, that a child afterward borne in thesame Matrimonie, being lawfully borne, should lose the inheritaũce, and place the bastardie in the same, as lawfull heire. The lawes of Englande agreeth with the scriptures. Ismael did not inherit with Isaac:

Leges Ciuiles dicũt filium naturalẽ tuũ esse filium populi.

Tunstall was a Bastarde.

Genes. 16. Galla. 4.

So no baſtardes doe inherite lawfully, by the lawes of Englande, neither is equall to the lawfull begotten in the inheritaunce, whiche by the Ciuill lawes can be deuided, but onely emong the male childzen. Sainct Auguſtine in *lib. xvi. de Ciuitate dei*, ſaieth, Abzaham gaue all his ſubſtaunce vnto Iſaac his ſoonne, but vnto the ſoonnes of the Concubines, he gaue giftes, and ſente them awaie from Iſaac his ſoonne. Wherevpon he ment that to baſtardes, there is no inheritaunce due, but onely neceſſary liuyng, and vnder the name of a baſtarde. Sainct Auguſtine vnderſtande all vnlawfull iſſues, and ſo doeth holie ſcripture alſo, and thinketh no ſmall difference betwene the ſucceſſion of the lawfull begotten, and the baſtarde in tẽpozall thynges, oz wozldly inheritance, muche leſſe in the churche of Chriſt, in that, that it admitteth them not into holie Ozders: and that is pzoued in the Popes Lawes, againſte the baſtardly Papiſtes: and if the Pope diſpẽce with ſuche a one, yet he permitted not hym to haue a dignitie, oz pzeheminence in the Churche, as to bee a biſhoppe. Therefoze it is conuenient, that mannes lawes ſhould cutte them ſhozte, in the benefite of wozldly ſucceſſion. When the Churche doe iudge thẽ vnwozthy of ozders, of miniſterie,

Et eccle ſ[illegible] mentum [illegible] ſacris repellit ordinibus. &c

Et ſi tale diſpenſauit non eſt tum permittit dignitate habere in eccleſia dei.

of pontificall dignitie: yea, whom the holie scripture do thrust doune, and greatly embace for though some, that is, one, emong a thousande is good, yet most are not onely giuen to wickednesse, and persecution. &c. Example of Ismael, sonne to murder. Example of Abimelech, the bastarde soonne of Gedion, whiche Gedion had lawfull begotten sonnes. lxx. and but one bastarde, whiche bastarde Abimelech with one stone, traiterously killed al his brethren, one excepted. So there is more abominatiō in one bastard, then in. lxx. lawfull sonnes. Many examples I can bring forthe of histories, repugnant to bastards, of their filthinesse of life, whoredome, idolatrie, extortion, treasō, murder, glottonie, &c. For it is thought that thei dor drawe a certain staine from the voluptuous lust, mutuall of bothe their filthie parētes, whiche in lawfull chaste mariage taketh no place: and then knowing them selues to be bastardes, hateth all them that are lawfully borne, inuentyng mischief against them as traitors would haue all men traitors: this base borne Bocher Boner, like Abimeleche, hath slain a great nōber of the legitimate children of God: whose blod asketh the same cruell vengeaunce, that holie Abels doe still in the presēce of God, against his brother Cain.

Iudicū. ix.

Note this.

So

So you shall not doubte, but by Gods lawes, the lawes of Englande, and also the Canonicall lawes, that bastardes are all depryued of lawfull parentes, therefore of inheritaunce Temporall: also not lawfull to take Orders, therefore no ministers of Spiritnall dignitie, Ergo. therfore no bishops. Iudge of this your selues, Ergo, and then make answere, when it shall please you. Sir, we will depart, quod thei, referryng this matter till an other tyme. Here is one, quod he, with plaine Musicke Dirge like, in the next chamber, singeth to a dull base Lute I praie you let vs heare him, it will not hurt vs, my thinke he singeth of D. Boner, some merie vanitie, of that vain man, whiche spēt his daies in vain Papistrie: we are cōtent said thei, to heare this matter, and then to depart hence, when he hath doen: we praie God it be merry, for we haue talked of sad matters, peace a little, silence my maisters, quod he, agreed saied thei. Then the fellowe on the other side of the walle, reade in the Bible to hymself alone, and that beyng dooen, he songe in rude rime, against rude Boner, the Papist bastard.

The fellowe doe read.

I will sende a curse vpon you, and I will curse your blessynges, yea curse them will I, if ye doe not take hede: beholde I shall corrupt *Malach.ij.* *Dente.26.*

Markerre-
hell, marke
Papiste.

your seede, and cast dunge in your faces, euen
the dunge of your solemne feastes, and it shall
cleane fast vpon you. You are clea.ie gone out
of the waie, and haue caused the multitude to
be offended at the lawe of the lorde. You haue
broken the couenaunt of Leui, saith the lorde
Ezech. 13. of the hoste, therefore also I will make you to
Ierem. 8. be despised, and to be of no reputation emong
the people, bicause that you haue not kept my
waies. My handes shall come vpon the false
Prophetes, that looke out vaine thinges, and
preache lyes: thei shall not be in the counsaill
Ezech. 34. of my people, nor written in the boke, bicause
thei haue deceiued my people. The beste (that
is the martyres) haue ye slain, the flocke haue
you not nourished: but churlishely and cruel-
ly haue you ruled them. Therefore woe and
vengeaunce be vnto you, saith the lorde God.
All these places of holie writynges, crieth out
against Boner as much as to any false pastor,
that euer hath made spoile like a Wolfe in
Apoca. 6. Christes flocke: & the soules of the slain, whō
he burned for the woorde of God, and for the
testimonie whiche thei had: doe still crie with
a loude voice, saiyng: How long tariest thou
lorde, holie and true, to iudge and auenge our
blood on thē, that dwell on the yearth? Well
ones it will fall out thus: That the righteous

shall

shall stande in greate stedfastnes, again suche as haue dealt extremely with them, and take awaie their labours, when Boner with his wicked companions shall se it (as thei shall in deede) thei shalbee vered with horrible feare, and shall wonder at the hastines of the sodain health, gronyng for verie distresse of mynde, and shall saie within them selues, hauyng inwarde sorowe, and mournyng for verie anguishe of mynde. These are thei, whom wee somtyme had in derision, and iested vpon, we fooles thought their liues verie madnes, and their ende to be without honor. But loe, how thei are compted emong the children of God, and their portion emong the saintes? Therefore we haue erred from the waie of truthe, and the light of righteousnes haue not shined vnto vs. Tedious waies haue wee gone, the waie of the lorde we haue not knowen: what profit haue our pompe brought vs: suche words shall suche as haue persecuted their brethren speake in helle. Lette the persecutours marke this well. Well, well. Sapi. 5.

¶ Boner speaketh.

My soule haue cleaued fast to the grounde, *Adhesit pauimento anima mea.*
I haue fed like a swine, and liued like a hounde
My thought it did me muche good,
In broilyng the christians, and shedyng blood

I haue shewed my waies, I haue shewed my
Via mea manifestaui. Yow well I loued the Romishe kaies (waies
The reliques of Rome were my delight,
I was a maiden preist, and our ladies knight.

Viam iustificationum Justification I could not abide,
Specially if it came on Christes side:
I will clime heauen walles with *Scala cœli*,
And followe Alkoc, *quondam* bishop of Elie.

Dormitat anima mea. My soule now slepe, in dreames and greues
My corps is buried emong false theues:
For my bodie and soule, th'apointed place,
Abusyng mercie, and refusyng grace.

Viam iniquitatis. The waie of wickednes, I loued well,
In missyng of Purgatorie, perhaps to hell:
I beshrowe *Dorbell*, and *Dunses* harte,
Would I had been no bishop, but gon to carte.

Viam veritatis. The waie of truthe, I did once take,
Whiche of malice, I did forsake:
And neuer since I did repente,
In despisyng the eternall testamente.

Adhesit testimoniis tuis. I did sticke ones vnto Goddes lawes,
But to forsake it, I had no cause:
And hardned my harte, & stopped mine eares

And

And could not wepe repentant teares.

The waie of thy cõmaundmẽt I might not (bide
After that I was drunke with ỹ cup of pride,
But wared lothly, foule, and fatte,
Like to cardinall Wolsey, with his red hatte.

Viam mandatorum tuorum.

Boner ende.

Deus stetit in Synagoga deorum.

His lordship would plaie the Justice of *Corum*
In the place of iudgement, it did hym good,
To accuse the martyres, and shed their blood.

O Clemens.

There is no man within the citie,
Professyng Christes Gospell, that he would
Muche mischief this verlet, did begin (pitie
Therefore his praier is tourned to synne.

O Pia.

He had a cancred proude looke,
With bell and candell, and Popishe booke:
In cursyng Gods people with hellishe grace,
Awaie graundpanche, with thy greasie face.

O Crux.

Now a peece of your Dirige I will begin,
I care not whether, I lose or winne:
You were no greate state of honor,
A bastarde, no bishop, but bloudie Boner.

Your

MOurnyng in blacke, wailyng with care and woo,
Wryngyng of their handes, thei began with *Placebo*.
Dilexi q master Papist, I loued well Boner,
That was bosshoppe of London, and liued in greate honor.
Quia inclinauit aurem suam, to our good father the Pope,
Iam iacit ille cinis, alas gone is our hope.
Circumdederunt eum dolores mortis, now rotten in graue,
Well, well, said the protestãt, well rid of a.k.
Perhaps *cũ pericula inferni* with *Chymerus* fell,
Or *Cerberus* the triple hedded dogge of hell.
Tribulationem & dolorem inuenit, that bastarde theefe.
That haue spoiled Christes flocke, with spite and greefe.
O domine libera animam meam, from this Basan Bull,
That the innocent lambes did teare and pull.
Custodiens parvulos dominus, the Lorde hath helped Sion:
And taken awaie this mad dogge, this wolfe, and this Lion.
Qui erupit animam de morte, and my hart from sorowe,

now

Now gentle maister Boner, God giue you good morowe.
Lord surely, thou hast giuē the eternall rest, *Es lux per*
Whom Boner in prison, moste sore oppreste. *petua.*
Placebo! *Bo.* *Bo.* *Bo.* *Bo.* *Bo.* (alas,
Heu me, beware the bugge, out quod Boner
De profundis clamauit, how is this matter come to passe.
Eruauocabulos meos, from a darke depe place.
Now Lazarus helpe Dines, with one droppe of grace.
Ne quando rapiat vt Leo animam meam, Dragarde, Dragarde,
To defende this matter, came Jhon Auaile, and Miles Huggarde.
From the gates of hell, quod the rebelles, defende B. Boner,
That with S. Fisher and Becket, he maie haue honor.
Amen quod R. C. B. H. and L.
Deliuer hym from this paines of hell.

R. Doe beginne the first lesson.

Parce michi domine.

SPare vs oh swete lord, our daies are all gone,
Our holie father deare Boner, hath left vs alone.
Now enclosed in tombe, wrapte

In yearth and claie.
Ecce nunc in pulucre dormis, Do rot & fade awaie
We hoped that he should haue doen, as he did
before,
Come forthe of prison ones againe, and bur-
ned more and more.
Nolite confidere in principi. Who shall trust temporall powers, in whom
is no healthe,
Fare well our spirituall father deare, our cõ-
forte and wealthe.
Now helpe, Dominicke, Becket, Dunston,
and saint Line,
Gregorie with thy Trentals, Antonye with
thy shrine.
This father was heauenly mynded, and ne-
uer carnall,
Therefore defende hym from the flames in-
fernall.

Responde.

Praie for Boner B. and D. soules,
You that walke in the Popishe ilde of Poles
Ye praie for them, and thinke no skorne,
The like of Boner was neuer borne.

Boner.

Et in carne mea videbo, the bones that I haue
burned.
And also Jesus Christe, against whom I haue
sporned.

I haue not one dogge tricke of *legarde maine*,
Posuisti me tibi contrarium, heu me, greate paine.
I crie to man, childe, and wife,
I abhorred muche the booke of life:
And loued moste the Popes lawes,
And regarded not Christ twoo strawes.
Ve miserum michi therefore,
Saint Peter haue locked the dore,
And bidde me go the wrong waie,
Bicause I had not the right waie.
I will make an other shifte,
Seyng I am driuen to this drifte,
Now helpe holy father the Pope,
With skalyng ladder and rope:
Chaunce what chaunce maie fall,
Now will I scale heauen wall.

¶ *L. Doe rede the seconde lesson.*
Tedet animam meam.

BY his soule was wearie here, in the life that he had,
His foode was breade and water, his lodgyng was to badde.
Clothed in heere, slepyng againste the harde stones,
That through fastyng, his skinne claue to the bones.
Watchyng in praier, lamentyng bothe daie

and night:
Subduyng fleshlie affection, and walked in the spirite,
Meeke in mynde as a Wolfe, and simple as a Fore:
As chaste as the he Goate, as slender as the Dre.
As liberall as the she Beare, as swete as the Brocke,
Of all kinde of linnen clothe, he loued well a smocke.
As wholesome as a madde Dogge, as cleanly as a Boze,
He loued well a fatte Pigge, so he did a h.
Paale as the Turkie Cocke, as gentle as a Snake.
The like is not in all helle, if you seeke hyn with a rake.

Responde.

Speake you of Boner?
God saue his hono?,
Some saied thei heard hym saie,
In bedde as he laie,
Noli me condemnare,
Dum veneris iudicare,
Ante te erubesco,
Comissa mea panesco.

Qui

Qui Lazarum resuscitasti, frō stinking grauе
Farewell, farewell, you Popishe k.
Te decet deus hymnus in Syon,
Boner was as cruell as a Lion:
For if he had liued, and the worlde tourned,
Many a good man, he would haue burned.
Per ignem with fire,
That was his desire.

¶ *T. The thirde lesson.*

Manus tue dñe fecerunt me.

THe hande of God framed hym ones in goodlie shape,
Then transformed like a Boore, and conditioned like an Ape:
From a Bishoppe to a Butcher, moste bloudie of kinde.
Whiche often in Bastardes, the like you maie finde:
There is a greate decree made by C. the pope
That no Bastarde should weare staffe, miter or Cope:
Neither hath any dignitie, vnder a Cathedrall steple,
Bicause he is fatherlesse, and the sonne of the people: *Genesi. 21.*
Abraham left inheritance, to Isaac his sonne by right:

To his baſtardes he gaue giftes, and put thē
from his ſight.
So if baſtardes bee vnworthie of Temporall
inheritaunce,
Muche leſſe in Chriſtes Churche, to haue any
preheminence:
This Boner was a baſtarde, of bloudde and
condition,
And departed frō this life, without contritiō.

Reſponde.

Lorde howe he would pullam,
When he was at Fullam,
With fire, rodds, and chaines
He put them to paines,
And that was well ſeen,
By M. and Bartlet green.
Vbi abſcōdan facians ſuam.
O Lorde I praie thee in what place
Shall bloudie E. Boner, paſt al grace
Hide his greaſie blocke hedde,
Whē he ſhall iudge the quick & dedde.
Quid hoc rei eſt?
Mary he ſhall riſe like a beaſt,
Emong the Romiſhe pied coates,
On the lefte hande emong the goates
He would not praie,
Nor ſaie Mattens that daie,
But ſwell and pante,

If victuals were scante.
But redde wine and a Pigge,
Would make him lepe & frig
And saie *diligo vxores vestras,*
Ab ortu solis ad vesperas.

¶ *The fowerth lesson.*

Quantis habuit iniquitas.

LOwe sore was this bloudie beaste,
fraught with synne,
So fatte was his flesshe, scante holde
would the skinne.
Incrassatus, impiguatus, dilatatus, Symoniacus,
Grosse, fat, and pusted vp with a great patus,
Sacrificium deo nostro, cor contritum
Tu autem argenteos lebetes, was thy delitum,
Cur faciã tua abscõdisti like an oule in the night
Refusing the blessed Gospel the worde of light
Thy cursed actes, in parchmẽt shalbe inrolde,
Against God & thy prince, thou wert to bolde
Thy bloudie crimes shall bee in mynde, nowe
thou art gone and paste,
Thou shalte make a dreadfull compt to God,
for them at the laste.

Responde.

Iam fetet, quia putrifactus est,

Which made the Papistes many a feast
But in his cole house, he gaue no meate
But in Smithfield moste cruell heate,
Now death his power doe inuade,
Like rotten donge, his flesshe doe fade,
I doe not quarell,
His guttes filled a barrell.
Alas quod the Papistes and well awaie,
He was buried in the night, not in the daie,
Where were the Papistes that howre?
Some in the Flete, some in the Towre,
And many paste all grace,
Be in euery Popishe place,
God sende them suche honor,
As hath their dadde Boner,
Qui vomuit nigrum, post fata cruorem.

¶ *The fifte lesson.*

Homo natus.

Homo natus,
Came to heauen gatus:
Sir you doe come to latus,
With your shorne patus.
Frequentia falsa Euangelij,
For the loue of your bealie,
Cum auro & argento,
You loued the rules of Lento,
Whiche the Pope did inuento

You are *spurius de muliere*,
Not legittimate nor lawful here
O quam venenosa pestis,
Fur, periurus, latro mechus,
Homicidus tantum decus,
De salute animarum,
Of Chrystes flocke thou hadest small *curum*.
Thou art *filius populi*,
Go, go, to *Constantinopoli*,
To your maister the Turke,
There shall you lurke:
Emong the Heathen soules,
Somtyme your shorne brethren of Poules,
Were as blacke as Moules,
With their cappes fower forked,
Their shoes warme corked,
Nosed like redde Grapes,
Constant as the Apes,
In nature like blacke Monkes,
And shote in Sparowes trunkes
And boule when thei haue dinde,
And kepe them from the winde,
And thei whiche are not able,
Doe sitte still at the table,
With colour Scarlet pale
So small is their good ale,
Thus from God thei did tourne,
Lyg before their church did burne

Then when riche men wer ſicke,
Either dedde or quicke,
Valde diligenter notant,
Vbi diuites egrotant,
Ibi currunt, nec ceſſabunt,
Donec ipſos tumilabunt,
Oues alienas tondunt,
Et perochias confundunt.
Theſe felowes pilde as Ganders,
Muche like the friers of Flãders,
Whiche ſerue Sathan about the cloiſters,
Thei loue red wine and Diſters,
Qui vult Satanæ ſeruire
Clauſtrum debet introire,
And euer haue ſuche an hedde,
As baſtarde Boner that is dedde:
He would for the Pope take pain,
Therfore help you friers of ſpain:
You enquiſiters take paine,
It is a greate maine.
Unto the Pope your hedde,
That Boner is thus dedde,
And buried in a miſers graue,
Like a common k.
Lo, lo, now is he dedde,
That was ſo well fedde,
And had a ſofte bedde.
Eſtote fortis in bello.

Good Hardyng and thy fellowe:
If you be Papistes right,
Come steale hym awaie by night
And put hym in a shrine,
Ye was the Popes deuine,
Why, shall he be forgotten,
And lye still and rotten:
Come on and doe not fainte,
Translate with spede your saint.
And put hym in a tombe,
His harte is now at Rome.
Come forth you loughes of Loue
And steale awaie this slouen,
You are so full of Ire,
And Popishe desire:
And Romishe derision,
And hellishe deuision.
Therefore I am sure,
Your kyngdome will not dure.
Crescit rancor, crescit ira,
Crescit & inuidia,
Totus Louen in errorem,
Voluiter in caligine,
Nullus curat obidire,
Verbis Iesu Christi,
Fides ĩ Roma nõ apparet,
Totus Louen fide carit.
Thus he must tourne to dust,

In Louen there is none to truſte.
As ſlipperie as Eles,
The woꝛlde doe run on wheles,
Now helpe old frendes of Poules
And pꝛaie foꝛ our ſoules:
This is our deſire,
From theſe flames of fire.
I am in Purgatory,
Oh. L. R. G. and F. be ſoꝛie,
Breuis eius dies ſunt,
Ye bꝛeathed ouer Poules Funte
Ridiant me inimici,
But all you that bée wiſe,
Beware of Papiſtrie all,
The Chequer, & weſtminſter hall
And all the Innes of Courte,
I doe not ſcoffe noꝛ ſpoꝛte,
And all this greate citie,
It is greate pitie:
That I Edmonde Boner,
Againſt Goddes greate honoꝛ,
Haue dꝛawen you from truthe,
Oh this is greate ruthe.
Comiſſa mea paueſco,
Et ante te tremeſco,
Dum veneris iudicare,
Quare, quare, quare, quare,
Fremuerunt Gentes.

I beſeꝛowe the Popes *dentes*
In cathedra Moyſi impij ſedent,
Therefoꝛe repent, repent, repent
Tempus eſt vos reuertendi,
Tempus eſt nobis non penidendi,
Tempus eſt vos rediundi,
Ab errore falſi mundi
Falſe Papiſtes, and falſe theeues
Shall euer haue paines & greues,
Thus did Boner ſoꝛe lamente,
Pouyng Chꝛiſtes to repente.

Reſponde.

Ne recorderis peccata,
Ye was full of *hata*
Regardyng *non eſtata,*
Et quaſi flos,
with his greate noſe,
Fugit velut vmbra,
Thei moꝛne foꝛ hym in *northũbria*

¶ *The ſixte leſſon.*

Quis michi hoc tribuat.

Ne alas in dꝛeadfull dꝛeame,
pooꝛe Boner did beholde:
In wofull weede attired foule,
ſometyme was bꝛaue in golde.

with

With fierie stroke sore beaten was,
that sometyme had smitten other:
Ye was as sore turmented there,
as Cain that slewe his brother.
His salte teares ran doune apace,
with bloudie hande he strake his breast:
A worme about his harte bewrapte,
that reaued hym of his reste.
About this gooste flocked a rablement,
of Friers fatte and foule:
Then cried out a little spirite,
like a shrikyng Dule.
Ve, ve, and out alas,
thy vengeaunce doe now begin:
These flames and floudes, & dungeons déepe,
are wages all for synne.
Come drinke thy fill in *Lethæ* flod
and then to *Styx* retourne:
Forget thy self, denaye thy God,
lo, this is a place to burne.
The wicked ones, whiche ordeined were,
as chaffe caste from the corne:
So in this bloudie *Cocytus*,
thou shalt be rent and torne.
Quis michi tribuat quod Boner tho
shall I in this place dwell:
Let me be clensed in Purgatorie,
awaie you fiendes of hell.

Syllius lib. 13. Cal this the floudes of hell, that spue forthe bloud, poyson, fire. &c

Donec

Donec, donec, my trentals are doen
in the Churche of Rome:
Tary here ſaid the Mõkes blacke
vntill the daie of dome.
With that he ſwelde with lothly loke,
cryng, now haue I nede:
Where are become my Romiſhe frendes,
where is good Henry Crede:
Miſeremini mei, miſeremini mei,
if merites maie me ſaue:
Suche meaſure as you haue meaſured other *Sathan.*
ſuche meaſure ſhall you haue. (men,
Quis poteſt facere mundum,
a baſtarde wert thou borne:
De immundo conſeptum ſemine,
now art thou rente and torne.
Burnt and dround and neuer dede
we haue none other place:
Spes impiorum peribit,
we are exclude all from grace.
Non remittitur ei in hoc ſeculo,
neque in alio.
You are condempned by the Judge,
to dwell ſtill in our gaulio.
Et ſicut dies marcennarij,
thy daies are made an ende:
An enemie to the Lorde thy God,
but to the Pope a frende.

Then

Then cast thei hym in *Melas* flood
moste darcke and blacke in sight
And dreadfull slepe a man did se,
this vision in the night.

Responde.

Ne recorderis peccata,
But open heauen gate
Saint Peter with your kaies,
Shewe my lorde the right waies
Ye dwelt ones at Poules,
And had cure of our soules:
I wisse he was not a baste,
But holie, meke, and chaste:
It is a greate pitie,
That he is gone from our citie:
A man of greate honor,
Oh holy saint Boner,
You blessed Friers,
That neuer wer liers:
And you holy Nunnes
That neuer had sõnes
Set this child of grace,
In some Angelles place,

Dum veneris iudicare,
Helpe, helpe S. Marie
Noli eum condemnare,

Ye burned many in
the daies of Quene Marie.
Sicut Leo querens predam,
animas deuorauit.
If this was not a blessed deede,
Aske L. K. S. P. and H. Crede.

¶ *The seuenth lesson.*

Spiritus meus.

MY spirit God wotte, is feble, weake and sore:
and so shall wee Papistes, daiely more and more.
Our tyme of Papistrie shalbe shorte, foolishe and vaine.
Ab aquilone panditur omne malum, the Papistes tooke paine.
Nowe *Mars* our bloudie Boner is laied in yearth full colde:
Whose life and libertie, would haue made vs bolde.
With bloudie handes, and cruell hartes was our desire:
To haue burned the Protestantes, with hote flamyng fire.
Set vp shorne crounes (the strewes) and Monkes in bootes:
And destroied Christes doctrine cleane by the roote

roofes.
Wrought in Idols, Latin seruice, and ryng-
yng of belles.
Erected Chauntries, Halles, Abbaies, and
Celles.
Thus we would haue doen, in Tindall, and
Comberlande.
And brought Romishe seruice, againe into
Northumberlande.
There are a remnaunt left, I maie them call
The children of Antichrist, and of God Hall.
Rumor super rumorem, while the storme do last,
Antichrist and his, are now at the laste caste.
And Boner is rotten, and stinketh in graue:
Well rid is Christes flocke, of so Wolnishe a
K.
Si veritatem dico, quare non creditis michi?

¶ *The Responde.*

Dies eius breuiabuntur,
Boner was a greate hunter:
Per ignem with fire hotte,
N unc in putredine God wotte
Vbi est ergo nunc
Either Frier, Nonne, or Monke,
That can for a little space,
Put hym a purgyng place:
Now good man sir Pope,

what

What doe your worshipp hope?
In inferno nulla est redemptio.

¶ *The eight lesson. Forrada is.*

Pelle mei consumptus.

MY flesche is consumed, there is but skinne and bone:
In sainct Georges Churche yarde, my graue and I alone.
My tongue that vsed lewde woordes, and lippes awaie are rotten:
Take pitie vpon me. K. L. and Y. let me not be forgotten.
Regester me in with a Leaden penne, emong the Romishe roules,
And make some *Obsequi* for my sake, I would it were in Poules.
Saie Dirige for me gentle T. Y. V. K. L. and B.
Saie you the Masse, mourne you in blacke, W. F. and C.
Kyng you the belles, holde you the lightes A. P. S. and N.
A. B. the Crosrowe of Papistes, shewe your selues like men.
For if your merites doe not helpe, then comes I verie late:
Like the foolishe virgines fiue, whiche knoc-

ked at the gate.
To whom he saied, I knowe you not, depart from my sight:
You wanted faithe, and watched not, when I came in the night.
Let liuyng wightes, watche therfore, though it be paine and griefe:
For sodainly the Lorde dooe come, vnwares like to a theefe.
O Boner, Boner, ones againe, in thy skynne thou shalt be clad:
And haue suche members in degree, as in this life thou had.
Then shalt thou see the Martyrs all, in iudgement stande vpright:
Whom in this worlde thou diddest abuse with murder, and with spight.
And called them vnlearned all, and nowe in greate honor:
Suche was the blindnes of Papistes hartes, and specially of thee Boner.

¶ *The Responde.*

Vaine, vaine, vaine, vaine,
All bloudie Papistes doe liue in vaine.
There is no meane, but heauen and hell
In doyng euill, and worckyng well.
Eche soule shall go vnto his place:

The

The brande of hell, and childe of grace.
Scimus quia transit hora,
Redeamus sine mora,
Vitam nostram emendamus,
The holver of death, drawyng on a pace
Praie for mercie, ioye, and grace:
Vade & non amplius peccare.

¶ *The nineth lesson.*

Quare de vulua. *S. rede it.*

ALas from my mothers wombe.
why hast thou brought me out?
I haue liued like a Butchers dogge
and died like a loute.
I stopped myne eares against the truthe,
Gods worde I would not heare:
And hardened my harte against the Prince,
in persone many a yere.
There ledde my life in hartes delite,
my soule did feele no care:
In softe bedde, and choise of wine,
wantyng no daintie fare.
False hope I had to come forthe,
as ones I did before;
But still dispaire, said I should die
and persecute no more.
One morne betime I loked forth,

as ofte as I did before:
And did se a pulpit, in churches wise,
made by my prison doze.
A Preacher there was, that Crowlye highte,
whiche preached in that place,
A meane if God had loued me,
to call me then to grace.
Hodie si vocem, was his theme,
and harden not thyne harte:
As did the fathers the rebelles old
that perished in desarte,
Thus protestantes, haue me slain
with the power of the worde:
But if the worlde had serued me,
with fire, and with swoorde.
I would haue killed and burned al
more then I did before:
But now farewel you papistes al
from henssorthe euermoze.
Would no wight had me knowen
noz eyes me neuer seen:
Then should I haue bẽn in suche sorte,
as I had neuer been.

The Responde.

In die illa tremenda,
Who shall my lorde defenda:
Neither Pe. Wes. Noz. War.
Traitors Tempest that blowe vp warre,

Slinge. Vil. noz Swineburne,
Dz any traitoz, that gape foz a tourne.
Thei shall haue *horror inhabitans*,
God sende them mischaunce.
Omne regnum diuisum. &c.
Against the Quene thei *risum*,
Per aliam viam reuersi sunt.
Papistes are traitours, as thei are wont.
Rumor super rumorem erit.
Betwene Doncaster and Perith,
Be many Popishe hartes,
Would their heddes wer in carts.
And their bodies in graues:
Rebelles are theues and knaues.
Ardiet pugnas vicio parentum,
The rebelles beyonde Trentham
Shall quickly repentham.
Sepulchrum patens: est venter eorum.
Thei abhorre *doctrina Apostolorum*
Sepe expugnauerũt you know it wel
Northren storms are sharp & fell
Snowe, Haile, Isse, and Froste,
All their hope is but loste.
Dies magna & amara.
Thei are now in sorow and cara
Thei will neuer haue suche honor
As had this bastarde E. Boner.
Although he were a Po. K.

Yet buried he was in a graue,
Pluet ſuper proditores laquios.

¶ *The'nde of Boners Dirige.*

Per ironiam { *Erat vir ille ſimplex & rectus, ac timens deum, & recedens amalo.*

¶ Here after dooe followe a liniall Pedegree of Boners kinred, by the minde and iudgemente of many Doc. a man of a greate houſe, long before the captiuitie of Babilon.

¶ *Baſtarde Edmonde Sauage, beyng a greate lubberly ſcholer, was ſuppoſed to be the the ſoenne of one Boner.*

Which was the ſõne of a Jugler or wild roge
Whiche was the ſonne of a villaine ingroſſe.
Whiche was the ſonne of a Cutpurſe.
Whiche was the ſonne of a Tom of Bedlam
Whiche was the ſonne of a proctor of a ſpitle.
Whiche was the ſonne of a theffe or a rebell
Whiche was the ſonne of a wilde Iriſhe.
Whiche was the ſõne of a Stoick Philoſopher
Whiche was the ſonne of Agarion.
Whiche was the ſonne of a Patriſide.
Whiche was the ſonne of a Sectuarie.
Whiche was the ſonne of Appelles.
Whiche was the ſonne of Anabaptiſte.

Whiche

Whiche was the ſonne of Alogij.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Almerichus*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Ætius*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Adamiani*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Alepheli*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Appolinaris*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Ammonus*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Aquarij*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Arrius*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Barbara Sigiſmundi*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Angelici*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Anthropomorphius*.
Whiche was the ſonne of Belzebub.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Biſylides*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Berillus*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Carpocratis*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Cataphrigius*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Caluthus*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Cazinzarius*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Catharides*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Caparnaitis*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Cherinthus*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Donatus*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Ebion*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Elindius*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Ennopus*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Ennomius*.
Whiche was the ſonne of *Euthices*.

Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Ecraſtines.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Gnotiques.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Ieſebel.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Fauſtuti.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Helcheſate.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Hymerobaſta.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Iouinianus.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Manacheus.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Mahomet.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Martion.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Meſſalianis.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Montanus.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Monothelete.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Nouatis.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Neſtorius.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Nicolaus.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Nectages,*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Paulus Samoſatenus*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Praitas.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Pelagus.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Petrus Lumbardus.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Photius.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Pollo.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Sabinus.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Roganus.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Sabellicus.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Sarahatis.*
Wlhiche was the ſonne of *Simachcus.*

Wl hiche was the ſonne of the Sodomites.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Templarij*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Theodorus Coriarus*
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Tatian*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Sargius*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Benedicte* monke.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Carthuſian*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Ciſtertian*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a Canon *Reguler*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Barnardine*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Cluniacke*
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Dominicke*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Celeſtin*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Ieſuit*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of an Yeremite.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Minoret*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Charmilet*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Bomſon*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of an Anker.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a Buggerer.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a Limiter.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a Balamite.
whiche was the ſonne of a Coniurer.
whiche was the ſonne of a Diſpenſator.
whiche was the ſonne of a Pardoner.
whiche was the ſonne of a Romiſh comiſſary
whiche was the ſonne of a Doctor Canon.
which was the ſõne of a maſter of plukalites.

Whiche was the sonne of a Suffragham.
Whiche was the sonne of a Romishe bishop.
Whiche was the sonne of a Courtisan.
Whiche was the daughter of a Cardinall.
Whiche was the mother of the Pope.
Whiche also in the captiuitie of Babilon, dis beare three brethren. Simon Magus, Judas Iscariot, and Mahomette, by Antichriste the sonne of the Deuil, of iniquitie, and perdicion the cause of al ignorance, infidelitie, Simonie, Treason, Idolatrie, persecution, Rebellion, Tumulte, wicked assemble, and finally euerlasting damnation.

A Commemoration.

¶ A praier to the holy Trinitie, againſt ignoraunce of Goddes worde, and Wolues.

Almightie and eternall god the father, the ſoonne, and the holie ſpirite, one God in trinitie, and the trinitie in vnitie, whiche art alwaies more readier to heare, then wee are apte to praie: and doeſt giue vnto vs, more then we can deſire, or deſerue. We moſte humbly praie thee, to haue mercie vpon vs, accordyng to thy great mercie, and perdon vs good Lorde for our ſinnes: that we haue rebelled againſt thy diuine Maieſtie, in thought, woorde, and deede, moouyng thee to caſt vpon vs ſondrie plagues for our offences: As peſtilence, dearthe, rebellion with other greuous calamities, vnto our miſerable bodies. But oh my good Lorde God, thou haſte taken greater vengeaunce vpon vs, the whiche with mortall eyen cã not well be ſeen, but felt: that is, the ignoraunce of thy reuealed will and commaundemente. Ignoraunce oh Lorde GOD, the guide and pathe waie to all deadly ſynnes, death, and finallie damnation, baniſhement from thy glorious Maieſtie, worlde without ende. Haue mercie

vpon

aue mercie and pitie, oh Jesus Gods onely
lonne vpon thy flocke, thou greate Shepherd
of the Shepe. Regarde thy folde, defende thy
flocke, whom thou hast redemed in thy moste
precious bloud. Deliuer thy Vineyard of En-
glande, from the Boze of Roome, and thy
Lambes, from the mouthe of Wolues, as
bloudie Boner was. Oh lette God a rise, and
let his enemies be scattered, lette them also
that hate hym flie befoze him: so that we that
are the Shepe of his pasture, maie in the vni-
tie of his wozde, be fedde in the pleasaunt
fieldes of his holy scriptures, to life
euerlastyng: Thzough Je-
sus Christ our lozde.

Amen.

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